

CLAIM

A SONG OF IRE AND VICE

#1 OF 4



SOURCE POINT PRESS

ALMES WRIGHT DIMITRIJEVSKJ BIRCH



DEEP WATER GAMES



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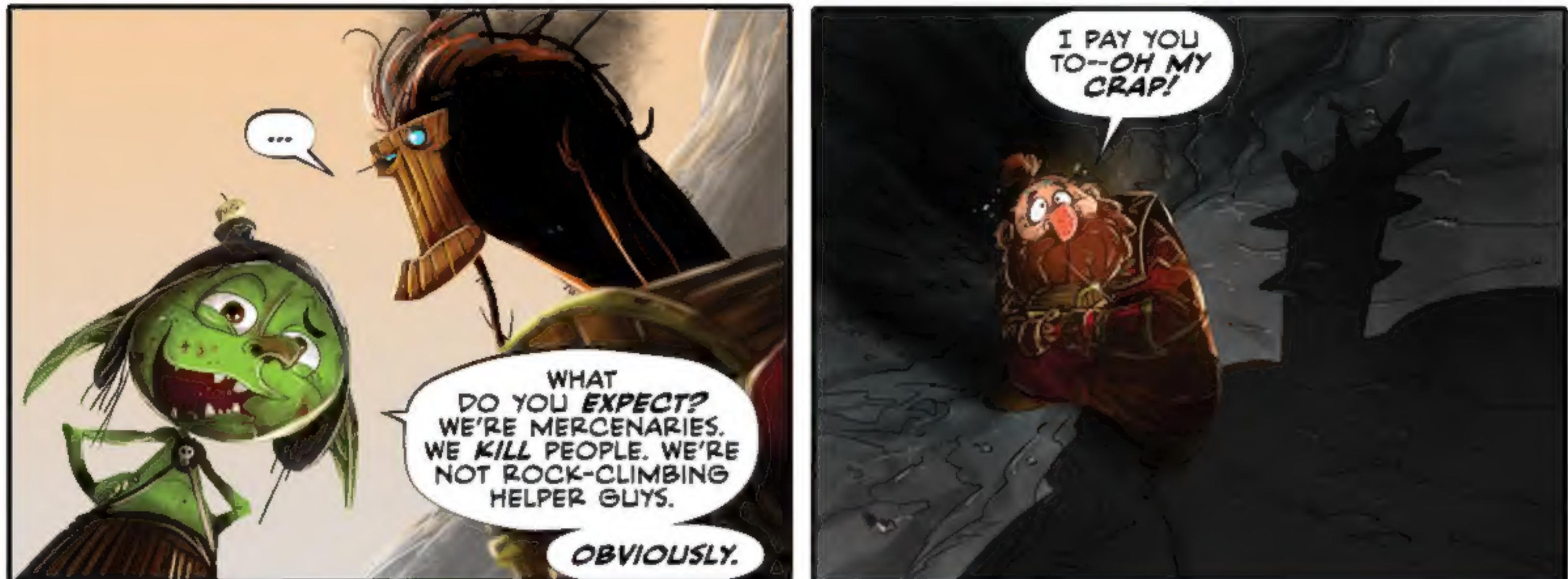
BUT
AT LEAST WE
GET TO SEE THIS
PRETTY SUNRISE,
RIGHT?

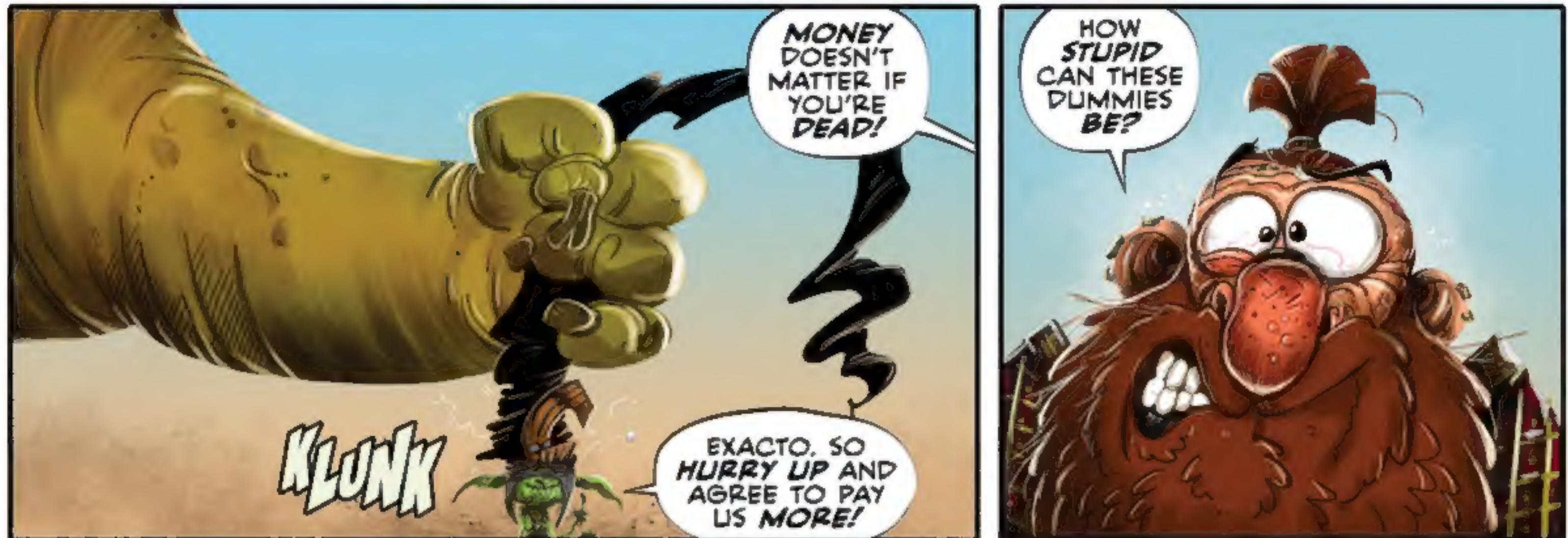
YEAH, YEAH,
YEAH. SUNRISES
DON'T PAY
THE BILLS.

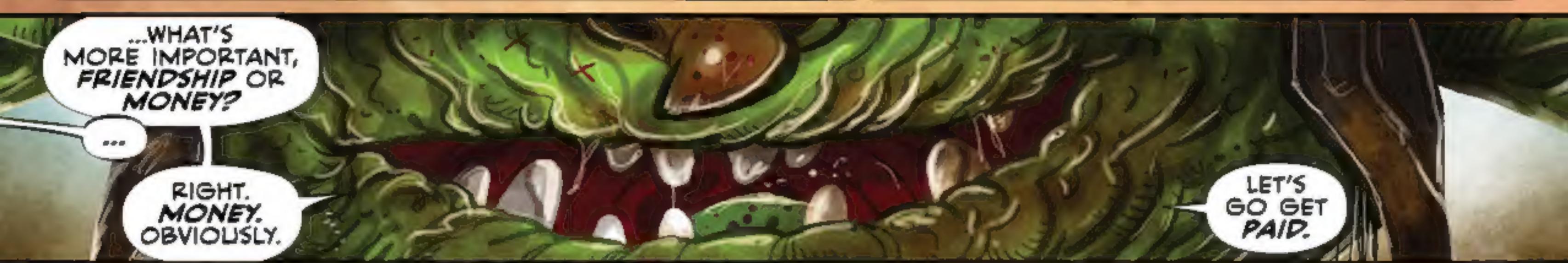
ROB GOBLIN:
SAVAGE
MERCENARY. SHORT.
INCOMPETENT. LOUD.

DOP:
SHAPE-SHIFTING
MERCENARY. TALL.
INCOMPETENT. QUIET.

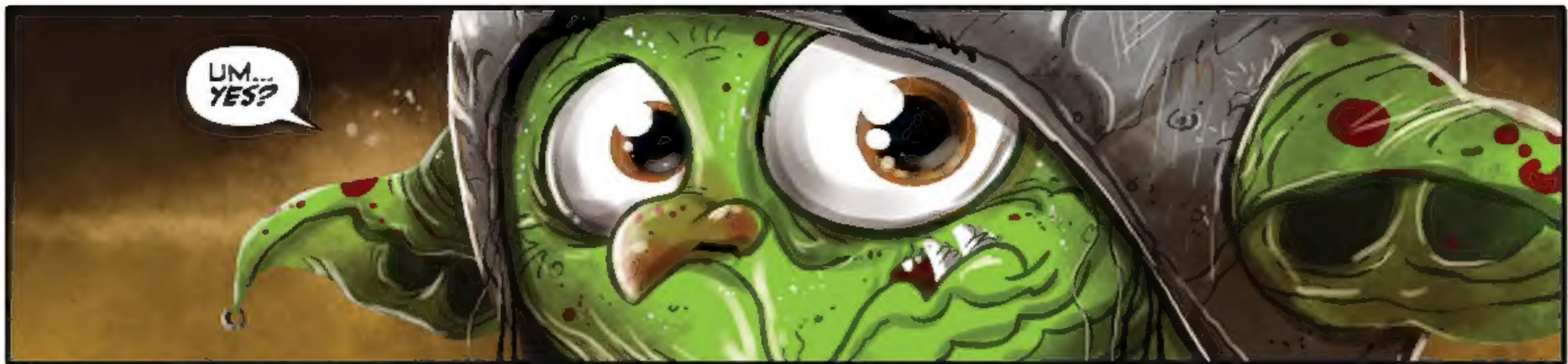
HEY,
YOU TWO
LOSERS!











KING DED IS DEAD.
HE DROWNED IN A
WINE BARREL WITH
NO HEIRS.

NICE
DEATH IF
YOU CAN
GET IT.

"FIVE FACTIONS HAVE ALL SPRUNG UP TO
CLAIM THE THRONE. THEY HAVE ARMIES OF
GOBLINS, DWARVES, DOPPELGANGERS,
KNIGHTS, AND THE UNDEAD."

"EDWANDO THE
WIZARD. GOBLINS
FOLLOW HIS KOOKY
MAGICAL BELIEFS.
THEY'RE ALL STUPID."

"QUEEN BUTTERNUT. SHE
PUT ALL HER STRENGTH
INTO A DWARF MILITARY.
MAYBE A LITTLE STUPID?"

"ASH THE LESSER.
A ROYAL WHO WANTS TO
WATCH THE WORLD BURN.
THE DOPPELGANGERS
ARE DOWN TO HELP HIM
ELIMINATE SOME HUMANS
TO MAKE THEIR JOBS
EASIER..."

"LADY LUMPSIE. SHE'S
SKILLED IN THE ARTS OF
COURTLY LOVE, AND MANY
KNIGHTS HAVE PLEDGED
LOYALTY TO HER MESSAGE
(WHICH WILL COME RIGHT
AFTER THE VIOLENT PURGE
OF THE REALM)."

"LORD GLIMMER. A
WEALTHY ARISTOCRAT,
HE COMMANDS A
WELL-FUNDED ARMY
OF THE UNDEAD.
GROSS."

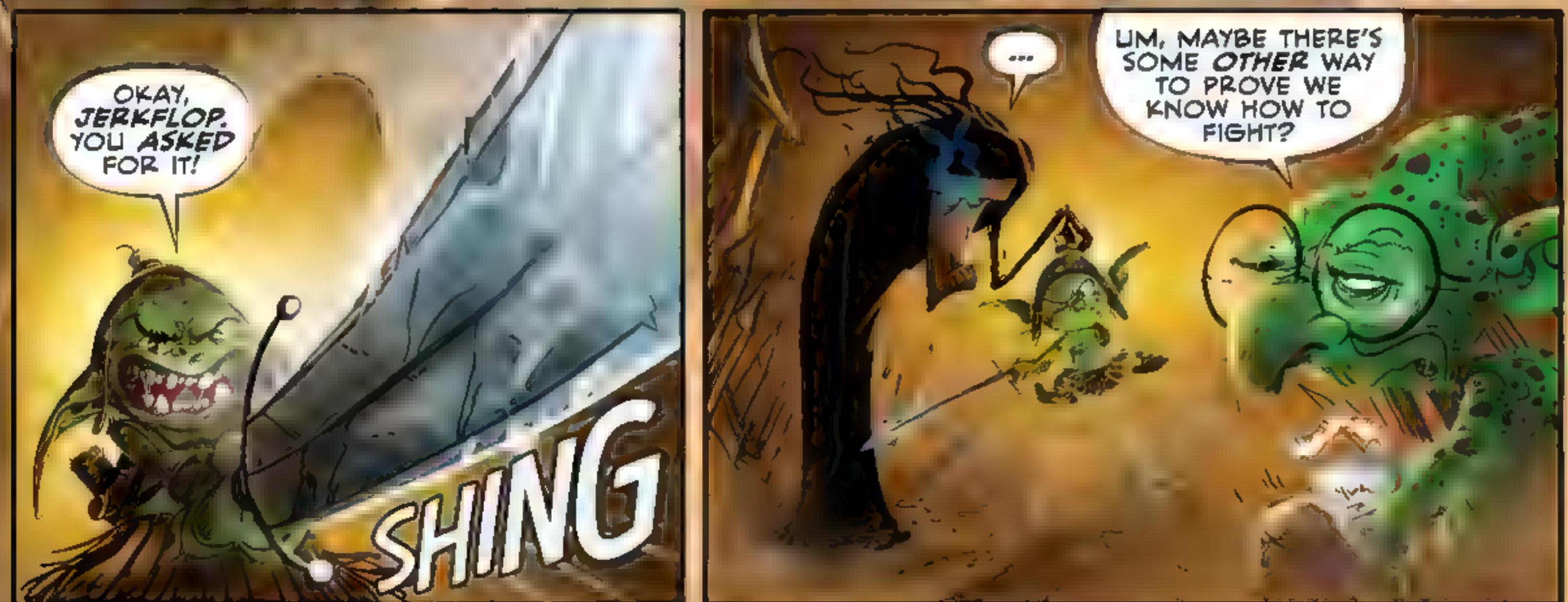
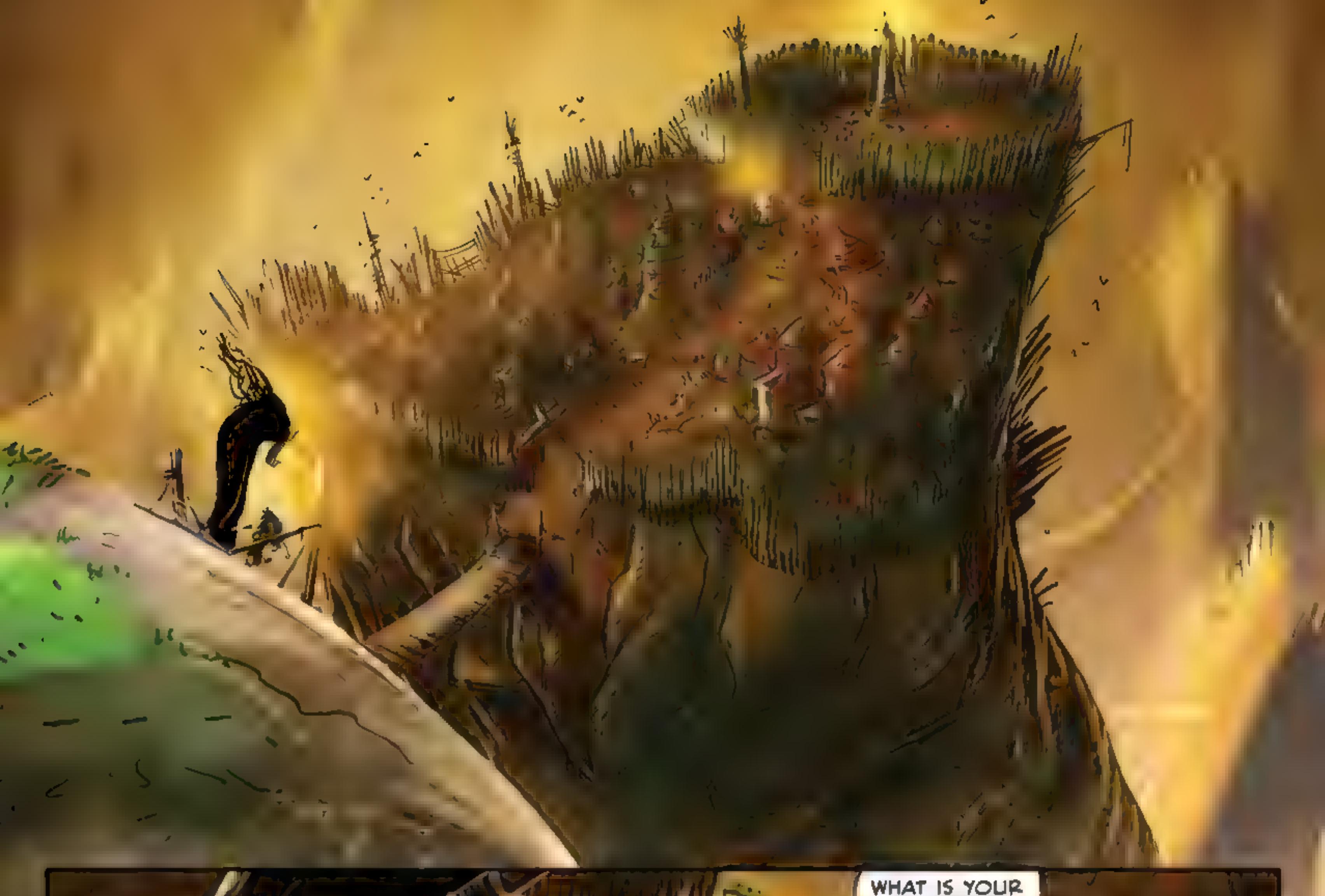
"WHAT ABOUT THE
KING'S FABLED
TWIN NIECES?"

"THEY'RE
FABLED."

"OH,
RIGHT."







HERE'S
ONE:

TO PROVE
YOUR COURAGE
IN BATTLE, YOU
MUST RETRIEVE
THREE FEATHERS
FROM THE MYTHICAL
BEAGLE EAGLE HIGH
ATOP BIRD DOG
MOUNTAIN.

WEIRD COINCIDENCE,
BUT WE DID THAT ON OUR
WAY HERE, SO WE'LL SKIP
THAT QUEST AND
JOIN UP.

NOPE. DOESN'T
COUNT.

WHAT? ARE
YOU CRAZY?
THEN WHAT ARE
WE SUPPOSED
TO DO?

GO
FIGHT
HIM.

ANOGRE:

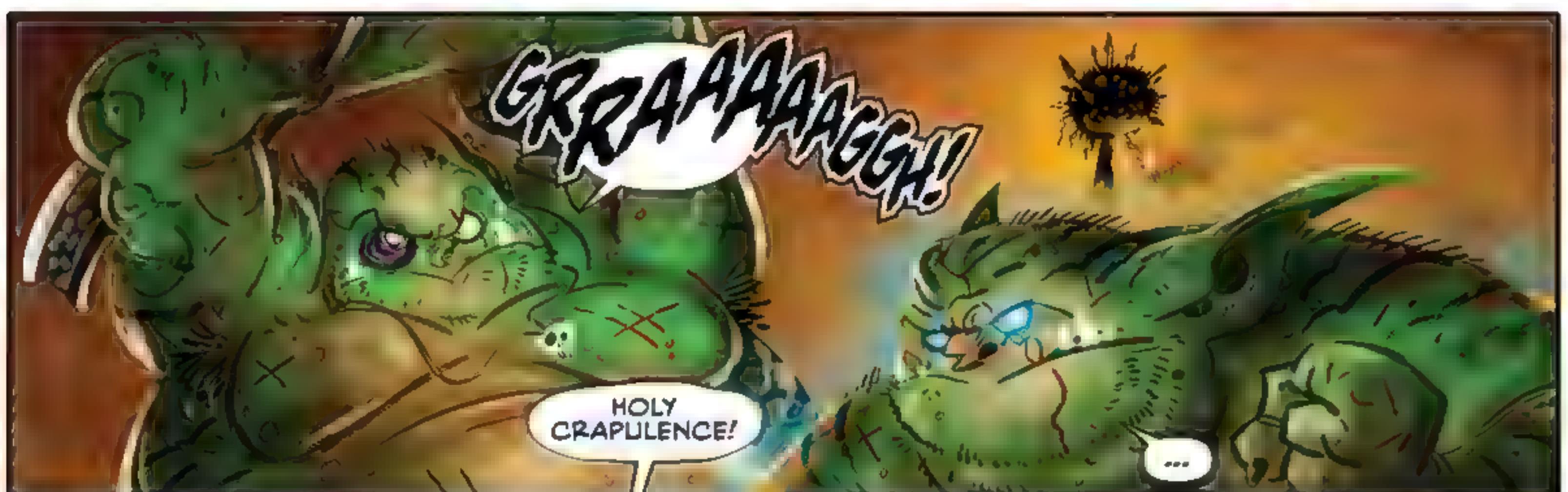
LIKE A GOBLIN
EXCEPT GIANT.

OKAY,
DOP, I'LL
FIGHT HIS LEFT
LEG. YOU
TAKE THE
REST.

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, MAYBE
I'LL JUST TAKE
HIS LEFT FOOT
AND--OOF!

BWAH







I CAN
NO LONGER
BELIEVE WHAT
I BELIEVED
BEFORE!

I'M NOW A
REFORMED
PRESTIDIGITARIAN!

I'M NOT FALLING
FOR THE HYPE. I'M
STAYING IN THE
CULT OF EDWANDO
OF LATTER-DAY
WIZARDS.

NOT ME!
I'M JOINING THE
SEVENTH DAY
CONJURISTS!

GRETCHEN!
I HOPE WE'LL SEE
YOU AT THE UNIVERSAL
ILLUSIONIST CULT PICNIC
TONIGHT WITH SOME
OF YOUR DELICIOUS
PORCUPINE PIE.

BLESS YOUR
HEART, BUT I ONLY
ATTEND ILLUSION
UNIVERSALIST CULT
PICNICS NOW, Greta.
AND YOU SHOULD
LAY OFF THE
PIE, DEAR.

MY FAMILY
IS ALL ORTHODOX
INCANTATIONIST!

BORED
AGAIN ORTHODOX
INCANTATIONIST...

I SAY WE'RE
TRADITIONALIST
NECROMANCERS.

NO, SIR. WE'RE
NECRÖMENNONTES.



I DON'T
THINK THAT'S
WHAT HE WANTED
SOMEBODY TO
DO. BUT... NICE
PUNCH, DOP.

THEY
JUST PUNCHED
OUT THE GREAT
WIZARD
EDWANDO!

BUT THEY
WERE ALSO
CONNECTED
TO THE
MIRACLE!

I THINK ALL
THE FACTIONS
CAN AGREE
WHAT THIS
MEANS...

GET
HIM!

WAIT, WAIT,
WAIT! DON'T YOU
WANT TO SEE
SOME MAGIC
TRICKS?

YOU TWO ARE
THE DUMBEST
MERCENARIES
EVER!

DUMBEST
LIKE A
FOX...

STOP! DON'T!
LOOK, LET'S
NEGOTIATE!

YOUR DONATIONS
ARE TAX-DEDUCTIBLE!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU
EAT MEAT ON FRIDAYS!
DON'T HURT
MEEEEEEE!

I HAVE A WHOLE NEW
PHILOSOPHICAL
QUESTION:

NOW WHO'S
GOING TO
PAY US?

WAIT! MIRACLE
MERCENARIES! WE
NEED NEW LEADERS!
TELL US WHAT TO
BELIEVE!

WHAT,
ARE YOU
CRAZY?

UH, GOOD POINT.
LOOK WHAT THEY
DID TO THE LAST
PERSON TO CALL
THEM CRAZY...

YOU
WANT SOME
LEADERSHIP?
TRY THIS:

FEEL GUILTY
ALL DAY, DON'T
BOther ME WITH
YOUR DUMB
QUESTIONS, AND
KEEP THOSE
OFFERINGS
COMING!

SEE, DOP?
THIS WAS A
GOOD GIG
AFTER ALL!

SOMEBODY HELP ME
CALCULATE 10% OF MY
TREASURE HORDE FOR
AN OFFERING...

DON'T YOU
SEE WHAT
THE FALSE
LEADERS
MADE US
DO?

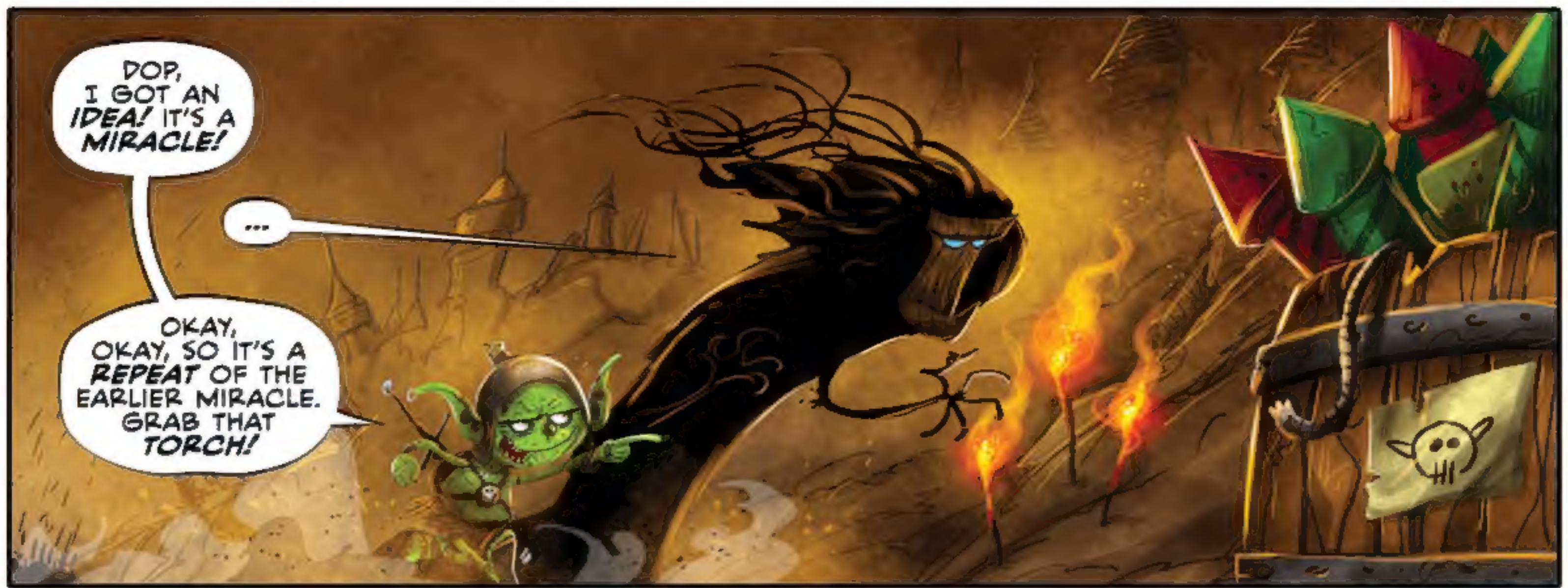
THE WIZARD
EDWANDO IS
A MARTYR!

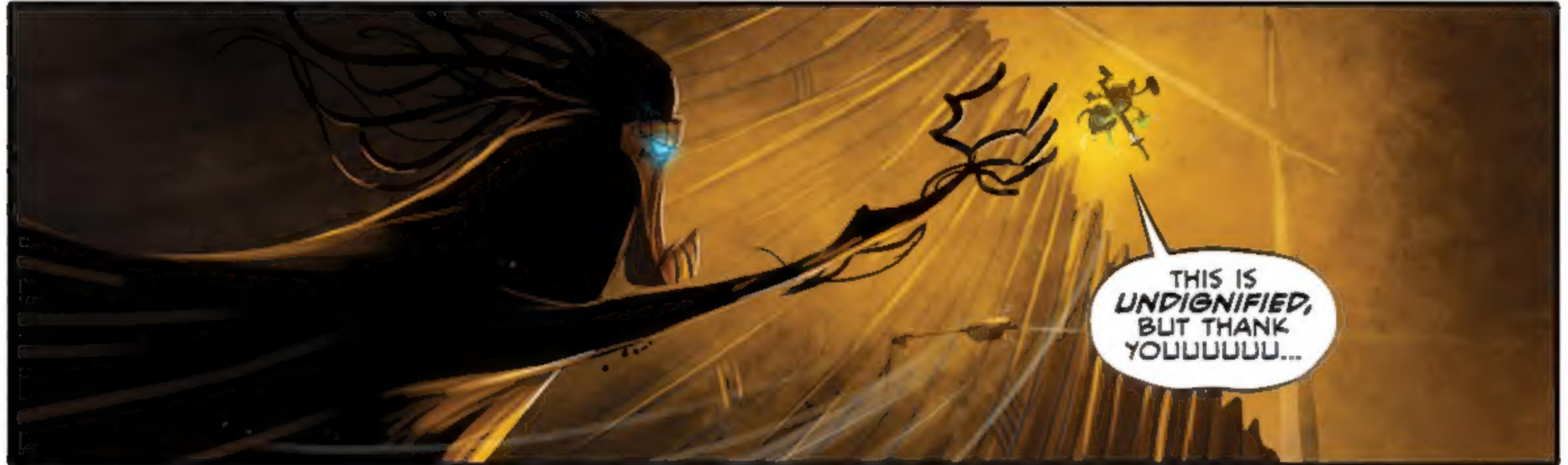
THESE TWO
PROBABLY
DON'T EVEN
KNOW ANY
MAGIC!

DESTROY
THEM!

NO,
DOP, THIS
WAS NOT A
GOOD GIG
AFTER
ALL.

ALSO, IF
YOU KNOW ANY
MAGIC, NOW
WOULD BE A
GOOD TIME
TO USE IT!





THESE TWO
CAME FROM
EDWANDO'S
CAMP.

SHOULD WE
INTERROGATE
THEM?

DON'T
BOther.
JUST KILL
THEM.

WE ARE DEALING
WITH THE MILITARY
MIGHT OF THE ENTIRE
DWARF ARMY. THAT
MEANS CERTAIN
DEATH.

...
DO
YOU
THINK
THEY'RE
HIRING?